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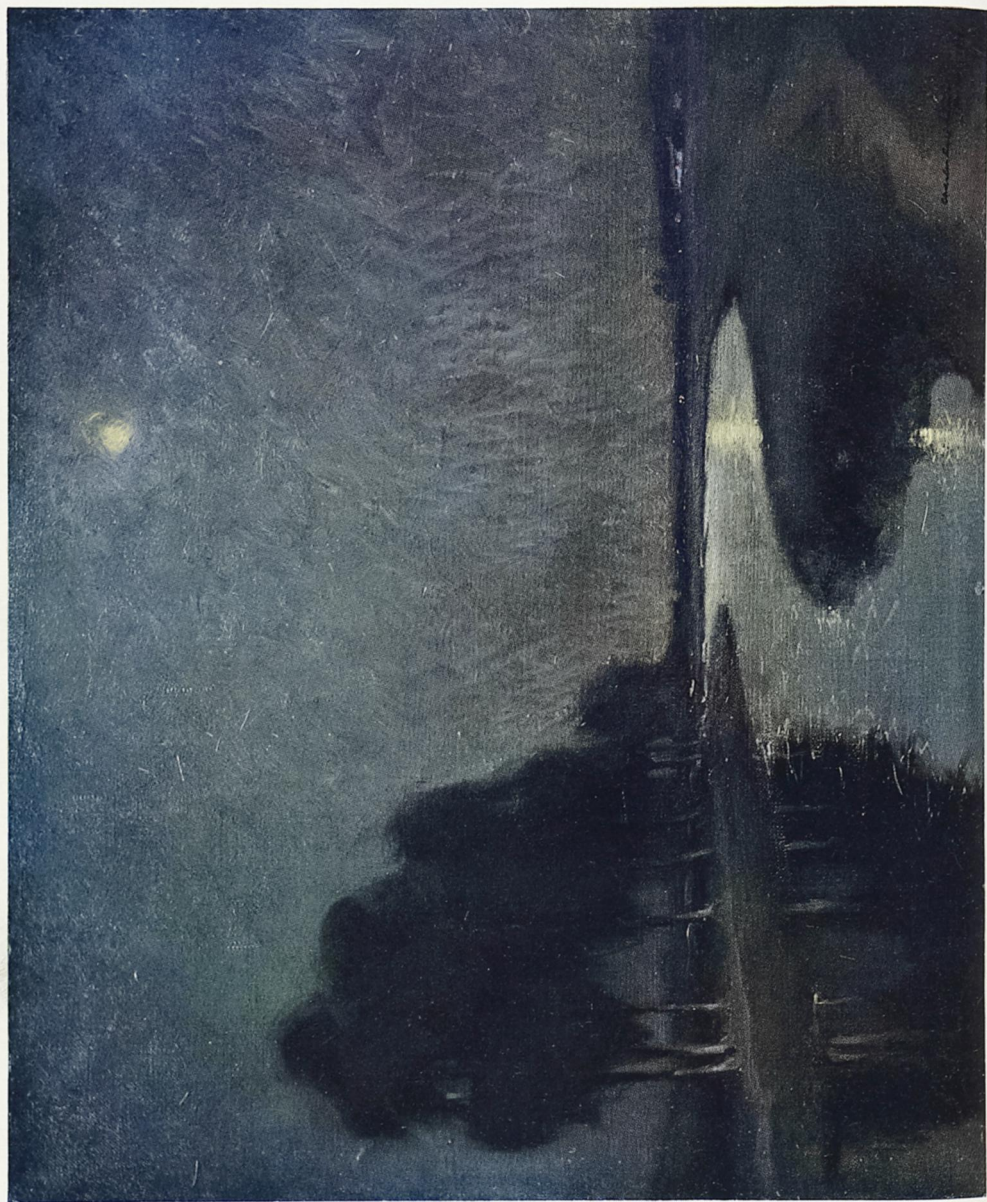
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A WESTERN ART COLLECTION

Consisting of over a hundred pictures by some of the most noted of modern painters, living and dead, the T. B. Walker collection in Minneapolis, Minn., stands very high among private collections in this or any other country.

Mr. Walker began collecting pictures some thirty or forty years ago when he could only afford to put a few of the old-time good chromos upon the walls of his home. When he obtained some oil paintings of moderate price, he felt that he was making headway. The present fine collection was begun about twenty-five years ago, the pictures at first being hung upon the walls of his home. In two or three years a room was set apart, then a gallery was built adjoining the house. This was soon found to be too small, and is now used as a library, while the art collection is in a large thick-walled building on the other side of Mr. Walker's residence.

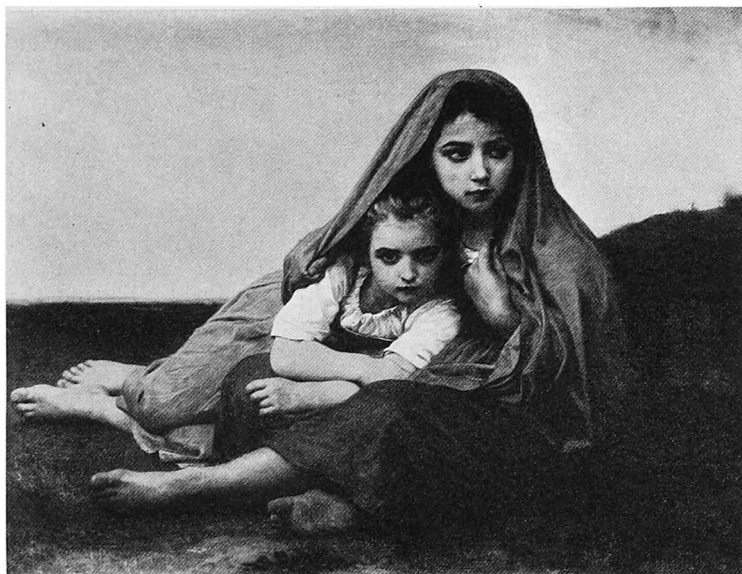
The entrance is through the house—a flight of steps, covered with a rich rug, leading to it from the drawing-room. In the first and second rooms, which are separated from each other by an archway, are hung the larger pictures of the collection. In a third room, which can be shut off at pleasure, are a number of smaller and even more highly prized paintings by such artists as Rousseau, Corot, Cazin, Turner, Hogarth, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and others. Opening from this room is still another, called the bronze room, where Mr. Walker has a large collection of rare and costly bronze vases, and a case of curious and valuable articles of Chinese workmanship—crystal snuff-bottles, and small intricate carvings in ivory. Here too are hung a few precious old paintings, among them an "Old Crome," and a portrait of an old lady by Ferdinand Bol.

Each room has a sky-light and is furnished with a row of electric lights and reflectors, so that the lighting is as perfect as possible. Exquisite Oriental rugs are scattered over the floors and thrown over the divans.

From his boyhood days this enthusiastic lover of the beautiful in art went into public and private galleries in every city he visited, and examined every fine picture within his reach. He was thus constantly expanding his own ideas of art, and at the same time cultivating his taste and his faculty for criticism. As a consequence he has been

able to depend almost entirely on his own taste and judgment in selecting paintings, and having once purchased, has had to discard but a very few on account of their not being satisfactory. That this collection to-day takes such high rank proves what can be accomplished, in the way of gaining a critical taste in art, by the enthusiasm and close observation of a self-made business man.

From the first this gallery has been opened to the public. Cards



A FRIEND IN NEED, BY BOUGUEREAU

are distributed, but are not necessary for admission. At times of conventions, or when for any reason the city is entertaining many visitors, the rooms are often well filled, and some one is nearly always strolling through them.

The pictures have been gathered in part from important sales of large collections in New York City. Some have been purchased directly from dealers in New York, Paris, or London. Others have been bought from the artists themselves in this country and abroad. There are in the collection paintings by noted American, English, French, German, Scandinavian, Italian, Dutch, Austrian, and Russian artists, though French painters are the best represented as a class. A

number of Mr. Walker's pictures are hung in the Art Gallery of the Public Library.

Although smaller, of course, than some other private collections, this one is considered to be as uniformly fine as any. The universal expression by those capable of the best judgment is that it contains no poor pictures. Many worthy of a place have been discarded because not quite up to the high standard aimed at by the owner.



DAILY NEWS READING BEFORE THE BARBER SHOP OF LICINIUS
BY GUSTAV BOULANGER

Where all are fine it is difficult to select a few for description and reproduction.

Jules Breton's "*L'Appel du Soir*," is certainly one of the most beautiful. It formed part of the Breton collection at the Paris Exposition. After its purchase the artist himself wrote to Mr. Walker: "Have you not my '*Call of the Evening*,' which my friends think the best of my pictures—perhaps the best? This picture, of which I have thought for so long a time, I would have liked to keep, and it will be very sad to me to see it cross the ocean like its sisters. Here are some stanzas which the picture has inspired me to write, and which I send you quite fresh from my pen.

"The sun was just setting, leaving a faint redness hardly percepti-

ble through the vapors of the evening which were rising at the horizon and enveloped it like a mysterious veil. I wandered in the plain, calmed and cooled after the heat of the day.

"Some haymakers were calling from one field to another for the return of their companions, and their voices resounded sonorously in the midst of the discreet mist. One of them approached, her hand to her mouth to make a trumpet of it; another waved in the sky her sickle which formed a dark crescent by the side of the golden moon, whose crescent shone in the distance. It is this scene full of poetry which I wanted to trace in my picture, and translate in the few lines which follow :

"THE EVENING CALL

"It is the time for calling and departure—
All is vapor upon the earth, immovable censer,
The sun, appeased by the freshness of the evening—
Extinguishes its sleeping rays, flickering in the mist.

"The gleaner has uttered her cry which still resounds
While her companion waves her sickle in the air,
Black crescent in the pale sky where the stars twinkle—
Where the new moon forms her crescent of gold."

It is most appropriate that one of the finest of the pictures by Jules Breton's daughter hangs also in this collection. This picture, "Her Man is on the Sea," according to a Minneapolis artist, Alexis Fournier, is one of the greatest pictures in the country, and has been much talked about on both sides of the water. He considers it to be "wonderful in its simple grandeur—like a great piece of sculpture."

None but a woman could depict motherhood and babyhood as Madame Virginie Demont-Breton depicts them. Mother-love is her great theme. She herself has written :

"Maternity is the most beautiful, the healthiest glory of woman; it is a love dream in palpable form, and comes smilingly to demand our tenderness and our kisses; it is the inexhaustible source whence feminine art draws its purest inspirations."

How beautifully is this illustrated by the picture before us. The face of the mother is sad, lonely, wan, as she sits listlessly gazing into the fire of driftwood, and thinking of the fisherman father so long gone, perhaps never to return; but the hand in which she holds the tiny baby feet, to warm them in the glow, is instinct with mother-love, all concentrated in that one caressing touch—it is the thought of the picture.

Mr. Walker enjoys telling how he came to purchase this canvas. It was on varnishing day that he first saw it, just after it was painted and hung in the Salon in 1889. He went at once to Madame Demont-Breton, and found that the Director of the Luxembourg had already been there, but would not pay the price asked. Moreover the artist was not sure that she cared to sell it, for her father, whom



THE EVENING CALL
BY JULES BRETON

Mr. Walker had noticed in the Salon studying the picture very intently, was anxious that she should keep it to be exhibited during her life, and to be hung in the Louvre after her death. The outcome of the interview was that she promised to sell the picture to Mr. Walker, if she sold it to any one.

Later, nearly a day was spent with the Demonts, and the artist was told that to have the picture in America would add greatly to her reputation there, where she could command even higher prices



CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS AT THE TOMB OF THE HOLY VIRGIN AT JERUSALEM
BY LE COMPTE DU NUOY

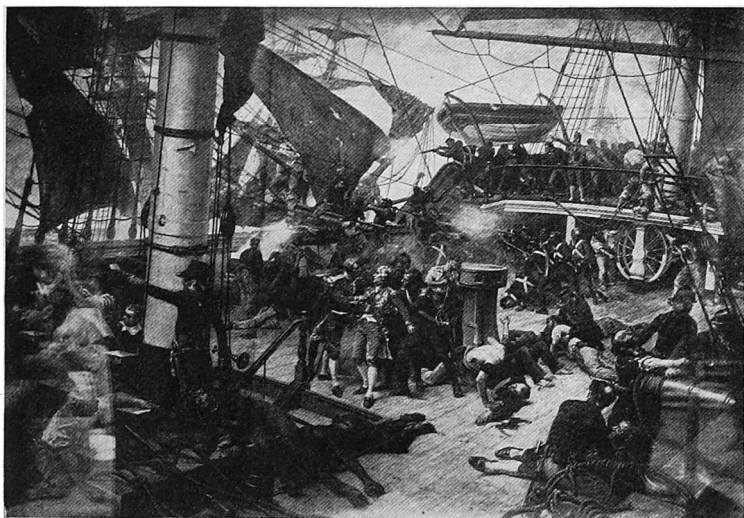
than abroad. At last, when Mr. Walker told her that he had bought "L'Appel du Soir," and desired very much to have her picture with it, she consented. She afterward said :

"My father's friends think this 'Call of the Evening,' is his best picture, and my father thinks so also. I am sure it is the best picture he has ever painted, and my husband and our friends are of the same opinion. I am very glad that my picture is going into the same collection with this best of my father's work."

Le Comte du Nuoy's "Christian Pilgrims at the Tomb of the Holy Virgin at Jerusalem," exhibited at the Salon of 1878, is a fine thing, rich and varied in coloring, religious in sentiment. The red

light, streaming from the door and through the slit cross above, is reflected upon the faces of the devout worshipers kneeling before it. In fine contrast to their rapt faces and to the haggard one of the mother, who hopes for the healing of her sick child, is the careless, supercilious expression of the Mohammedan, who smokes his long pipe and guards the shrine.

Jazet is seen in his large naval battle picture, "The Death of Nelson."



THE DEATH OF NELSON, BY JAZET

Rosa Bonheur is represented by the "Spanish Muleteers Crossing the Pyrenees," painted from a study made by her in the Pyrenees on the Spanish Frontier. The mules and their riders are struggling up a rocky path by the side of a rushing mountain stream. In the distance is a dark purple mountain peak against a soft blue sky.

"Daily News Reading before the Barber Shop of Licinius," by Boulanger, is a beautiful bit of color, soft and yet strong. The architectural effects are wonderful, the drawing perfect. It is a successful "blue picture," painted as Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" is said to have been painted, as a refutation of Reynolds's theory that blue is too cold a color to be used with effect and pleasant results. This picture, though there are masses of blue in the shutters in front of the shop, and though blue tones are used throughout, is rich and



HER MAN IS ON THE SEA
BY VIRGINIE DEMONT-BRETON

warm in effect, much more so than the companion piece which hangs near, Boulanger's well-known "Pleasant Hours in the House of Lucullus."

There are two Bouguereaus, "A Friend in Need" and "Normandy Peasant Girls at Prayer." Americans are said to be very fond of Bouguereau. In a "A Friend in Need" we have the usual serious, big-eyed girls. Overtaken by a storm, the eldest sister has pulled the skirt of her gown over their heads to shelter them from the rain. The "Normandy Peasant Girls at Prayer" is altogether different in style. Mr. Robert Koehler, the Director of the Minneapolis Art School, says that it stands alone among the works of Bouguereau in this country. He considers it more like an "old master" than a modern painting. The tone is very soft and rich, and the light effects are beautiful.

CLARA M. WHITE.

To be Continued.



WHAT IS THE USE OF ART?

READ BEFORE THE CHICAGO ART ASSOCIATION

When Mr. Maratta came out into the dusty highway of traffic and contention and commanded me to this feast, he must have scripturally passed by "friends and kindred and rich neighbors," for he was fully informed of my lameness and blindness and haltness in the world beautiful where he walks so erect, so firm of foot, and sees with so true an eye. He generously let me suppose it would not be considered a disqualification not to know more of this technical body of learning than those do who have spent their lives in mastering its details and verifying its canons.

The curious fact that one assuming to belong to one of the learned professions lacks authoritative familiarity with any phase or feature of the fine arts may be appreciated more than the demonstration of it which is to follow.

As the creation on the canvas is neither something wholly new, since its verity to what already is is one test of its excellence, nor yet simply an attempt to copy, since then the camera would be the consummation of art, but rather an investiture of cold, earthy things with the glow and warmth of the artist's mind and heart, and therefore in some sort an interpretation of himself and his point of view rather than a reproduction of what all eyes see; so I venture art and its objects and subjects each have to each of us a different meaning and sustain to each of us a relation not the same as that which it sustains to others. A clear-sighted thinker pronounces literary style to be